BLOCKPRINT

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. . . and a special thanks to Mrs. Alice V. McGrath, our librarian.

"Smoking:

It's a rare smoker who has never caused a cigarette burn in his clothing or on someone else's furniture. And if that's all the damage he does, he is just plain lucky, because the same carelessness that causes simple burns can cause serious fires."

DIVISION OF HEALTH EDUCATION AND INFORMATION
"Health and Safety Newsletter"
April 1967

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EDITORIAL

When I first acquired the job of editorship of BLOCKPRINT my primary concern was to comprise a competent and dependable staff. BLOCKPRINT is well on its way toward that objective and I thank everyone that has taken an interest, devoted their time, and sacrificed their sleep on Thursday night. If there are others who are equally masochistic and have as yet not volunteered their capabilities to BLOCKPRINT — we welcome you.

Our staff, however, would be of no value if we did not utilize it to make a better and more responsible paper. More than being an organ of communication, we would like to offer our services and to be effectual in instituting certain changes that we feel would benefit RISD. I spoke of "panaceas for RISD's real ills" last week and one of those ills was brought up by Susan Smith — short studio hours.

I suggest you reread what she had to say. Susan wrote that "if anyone cares, something may be done." BLOCKPRINT would like to take the initiative by asking you if you are interested in this proprosal.

The ballot below is all that you fill out. It can be deposited in boxes now being displayed in the snackbar, refectory, or the S.A.O. We will print the results next week and if there is sufficient reaction, will help in all ways to accomplish the lengthening of studio hours much as the architects have done.

If you feel that worthwhile criticism can actually bring about change and, most important, if you are interested in this proposal, fill out the ballet below.

I would like to thank Duffy White and Bob McGilfray (who were instrumental in opening up the Textile Building for the architects) for their advice and co-operation.

Ronn Spencer

Building, Room, or Dept. .....

- ☐ Open till 12
- ☐ Open till 1
- ☐ Open 5-7
- ☐ Open Sunday

Your Name & Dept.

.....

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.....

"THE ADMINISTRATION... WHAT DOES HE DO?

PART III

Abraham Lincoln said this about Associate Deans of Students: "An Associate Dean of Students can please Some of the people All of the time, and All of the people Some of the time, but can not please All of the people All of the time." Abe was a wise old man because, among other things, he realized that some people tended to regard advice as meddlesome and as an ultimatum. Let me go further. Abe believed in freedom of speech and thought that young ladies were free to question a Dean's advice; but on the other hand, she was to be grateful for any advice. You see, at that time the industrial wheels were beginning to turn and interest in individuals was waning. So, in essence, Abe thought that advice should be welcomed, weighed, and questioned, and was meant to be helpful — not as an indication of suspicion. You see, suspicion was on the increase at that time.

Young people want to feel that they are receiving advice directed to them alone, that the person advising them is concerned, at that time, with them only. It may be difficult for us to accept advice from an Associate Dean of Students who is a person who may see something developing within us and therefore offers advice which could be helpful to us. It is very easy to interpret any advice of this nature as meddling into our personal affairs, and it is especially easy to regard this advice as "motherly advice." It may at times be difficult to regard this concern as genuine. One of the primary experiences is the independence of thought which we develop away from home. "After all, I don't need a mother; I've already been born."

What we need is a person with a warm personality and who can, with friendly intentions, offer advice. What we have is a warm personality who wants to be friendly with everyone, who reaches out to all, and in doing so, may seem to losing us individually. It may seem that her main concern, as an administrator, lies with us collectively. And so we may notice that, as she talks to you and me, her eyes go over our shoulders and land on those persons around us.

There are few women connected with the administration or faculty of this school. We see no woman as much as we do the Associate Dean of Students. For that matter, there is no administrator whom we see as much as the Associate Dean of Students because her position, as it is presently defined, brings her into direct contact with more of us than

anyone else. Because she stands for all this authority, she may not seem to be the person best suited to give advice to a girl, especially a girl who is beginning an artistic life. To some of these girls, the Dean is a career woman, the antithesis of what they want to be. "How can **she** understand what I'm trying to do with my life?"

I do not know what the Associate Dean of Students did last year. That is not my concern here, nor is it my reason for writing this piece. I do know that at the present, and in the future, she is concerned about **you,** and is willing to listen to **you.** If you are going to regard her advice as an ultimatum, or believe past gossip applies to the present, do not bother to see her.

"The fire got to be pretty hot. But I realized that, although much of it was distortions, there must have been something behind it which was worthwhile, and worth listening to," the Dean told me the other day.

"I would like to think that I'm someone they can come to for advice." The problem may be in our acceptance of an advisor who has so much administrative work which, of necessity, makes her aware of what is happening to us collectively and individually. She may have an out-going personality in an introspective community, but I, for one, can see how this can be a virtue for an Associate Dean of Students. That she genuinely cares about you individually can be testified by those of you for whom she has gone to bat. There are some who graduated from this place because of her efforts. They may have thought of her as ineffectual, but when it came down to the wire, she was there and proved otherwise.

Dean Paisner has a number of things behind her that are worth listening to.

Don Simon

EDITORIAL

I remember in the years I spent looking forward to "college life" how intriguing dormitories seemed to me. I remember looking wistfully at the dorm dresses, dorm hats, dorm slippers, and various commercial accessories necessary to every girl who inhabits a dorm and thinking someday I, too, would be a part of that wonderful world of popcorn parties, hair-setting parties, and pajama parties. Well now I'm a part of it: I'm glad that I experienced it and I'm glad that it will soon end.

There are of course, many advantages to dormitory living. I appreciate having clean sheets every Tuesday (although many are torn and stained), I appreciate having the bathroom and halls professionally cleaned, and the trash emptied every morning. I also appreciate being well protected, being close to the class buildings, and enjoying the comraderie of my dormmates.

There are times, however, when I grow weary of this comraderie, when I tire of hearing twenty-five female voices and three radios screaming at once, when I wish to work in peace. So we have "Quiet Hours" and I hear people shriek "Quiet Hours" — producing very little quiet. I am fortunate to live on the same floor as my resident counselor so my floor is probably the quietest in the dorm.

Sometimes sitting alone in my four by five cell, I long for a change of scene. I can walk down the hall to the bubbler which says "Don't put paint in the bubbler" or I can walk down the hall and gaze at the lovely multicolored tile bathroom. If per chance I come upon a comrade in the middle of the hall, we converse. Shortly thereafter we are told to be quiet or to talk in our rooms. We therefore proceed down the hall to my cubicle to continue the conversation. If, however, the conversation includes more than two people it usually comes to an end (sad death of a worthwhile conversation) because my room holds only a few people.

My room holds a bed, a small drawing table, a record player, a bookcase, and me. I can take no more than four steps in a straight line without bumping into some obstacle. My table is too small to work on but a larger one would crowd my mini-room. Of course, I could have lived in a double room which provides more breathing space but also provides a roommate. Last year eighty girls competed for the seventeen available singles.

Two years in the dormitories are plenty: one year is fine and dandy. Dormitory living provides a good introduction to RISD life but centering students around the dormitory complex tends to narrow our little RISD womb world. After my two years in the dorms I am glad to say goodbye to little janitors in the bathroom, bell duty, sign-outs, Judicial Board, and door alarms. It has been a lesson in"How to Work Well with Others." Living in an apartment will also teach me that lesson. And for the same cost I have a large bedroom plus a kitchen and living room. It is my fond hope that when the plans are made for future housing, the planners will take into consideration the needs and wishes of the students.

Susan Smith

GOD BLESS OUR FILM SOCIETY

EDITORIAL

There is no time in war, and there is no reason. War exists without anything, without people, without land, without air, light, water or sky. Those who fight do not exist, and those who do not fight cannot see its existence.

It might be a massive cry that is heart or a blast that fractures the world and creates its own light, brighter and deadlier than the sun.

It ends in death but is feared worse than death. It ends in death but it is not death, nor is it life.

C. C. Wolf

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BLOCKPRINT

The Peace Word, spoken so eloquently, finding witness so fully, and making within itself the reasonant character of intellect and emotion, met the grey film of New York journalism. Blinded by the shallow assumption that a "serious" statement emanates exclusively from the star spangled bosom of the bright-eyed, well scrubbed, and unassuming American Business Man (or people with similar claims to the name, "mature") most reporters could do no better than dismiss the peace rally of the 15th as spring fever; a freak filled day. What these journalists fail to realize, as well as those who waited in removed and silent apprehension for the reassuringly distorted words of **Time,** is that it was the ragged synthesis of the crowd itself that gave life-meaning to poignant words. That was no "clique" who surged the streets, sidewalk to sidewalk, shoulders jostling, signs, words intercepting, strangers speaking, textured unnumbered but thousands personable but unlike each other for seven hours in cold, bleak but illuminated April. Oh silent New York, what an articulate shouted and murmured day stays choking in your throat because the "official" witnesses refuse to witness.

If there had been shouts for peace, but no capacity for peace in the streets or along the barricades, a holocaust of blood would have

come down — and well written for months later, from the heart and eyes and the fury of shocked innocence. But because there was peace, because people were capable and willing to exert themselves, to act out the all too frequently mute potential of free expression, the Word, the eloquent Peace Word, is dismissed as a lark; the "kids," though they are farmers, professors, laborers, artists — the kinds are "forgiven."

But still it does exist — sweet community of unlike and unknown strangers. April 15, 1967 — New York and San Francisco witness.

Maryjo Spitzer

My Dear Maryjo,

The peace "word" as you so eloquently put it is fraught with futility and a blank lack of awareness. You have talked concerning ivory towers; you the silent witnesses; the ones that proposed the burning of a dog; have no understanding of the world. You live in ivory towers and exist in a fantasy world where people are people, and people are nice. I am not in favor of a war where babies burn, but how can you professors, farmers, laborers, and artists professing intelligence to evaluate the policy handed down by knowledgeable officials on the basis that if we laid down our arms they will do likewise. If you honestly believe that we can deal with a government that sends in troops to the line without guns can you deal on an individuals basis with the type of man who will let himself be so ordered. The masses at "home" may not be humanitarians but some also see a reality you may fear to see. This is not an answer, it is not a proposal or rebuttal but only a clue to what you may have missed.

Respectfully,

Robert Lehrmitt,
Editorial Staff

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

Dean Lay was kind enough to point out several pieces of erroneous information in my letter to Dr. Bush-Brown. These errors on my part were not committed intentionally but rather through acquiring information through the channels which I feel are readily available to the average student at this college. It is the rare student who has time each week to schedule a briefing with Dean Lay to keep abreast of the efforts and progress of our administrators.

Dean Lay pointed out two very promising efforts being made by the administration to overcome the communications gap between the students and the administration. These two efforts were unknown to myself, to all of the students with whom I have discussed the matter, and even to a long-standing member of the faculty.

The main purpose of my letter to Dr. Bush-Brown was to ask all concerned to investigate these and other possible solutions to the problem. The only reason (one which I mistakenly felt most people would recognize immediately) for having the letter transmitted through BLOCKPRINT, was to show that it can be the MOST effective communications media in this school. What other media is read by a larger portion of the members of our academic community? It has had the flavor of a slightly sophisticated (?) joke book in the past. We are seeing a very earnest effort on the part of the new staff to make it a responsible means of communication. I was trying to point out to the administration that communication is a two way proposition and that they too must make a concerted effort to make BLOCKPRINT something more than a student comic strip.

The only reason that the student-administration communications gap has become "hackneyed" is because it has been with us, unsolved, for a very long time. I am very happy to see that our administrators are making progress in overcoming it. I hope that they will see that a fuller participation, on their part, in BLOCKPRINT dialogues can be used to achieve a more harmonious feeling of community and purpose among us all.

Richard Bremer

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

If Mr. Mostel enjoys New York so much, I'll gladly buy him a one-way ticket.

S. Craig Weiss

Dear Mr. Weiss,

Mr. Mostel is overjoyed at you compliment and expects the ticket to be deposited in his mailbox (410) before 10:00 A.M., Friday, April 28. Mr. Mostel would be most appreciative if you could also be generous enough to include 15¢ for subway expenses. Thank you for your interest in BLOCKPRINT.

The Editor

Editor, BLOCKPRINT:

It is now time that the concept of democracy was implemented in areas of American life other than the politicial. One area would be the educational institutions such as R.I.S.D. and students here could be considering the possibility of having their representatives elected to the Standing Committees where they could take part in the major decisions of this school.

Don Kohler, Senior

Dear Ronn,

Here is another announcement for BLOCKPRINT. Before giving it, may I add my appreciation to the rest I am sure you are receiving for the clarity with which you are putting out BLOCKPRINT, and to its emergence as a forum for ideas in the School. I hope our paths cross one of these days; if not perhaps there will be time for me to write down some ideas I have for ways to add to what you are accomplishing, which might be useful.

Many thanks,

Judy Speyer

Dear Judy,

Thank you. I would appreciate any suggestions.

The Editor

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THE UNDEFEATED CRYSTAL TAP SOCCER TEAM CELEBRATING ITS 7-2 VICTORY OVER THE R. I. S. D. SOCCER TEAM LAST WEEK

MARCH PHOTOS BY NEELLEY, KALFA N. BENSON, & BEARDSLEY

REIGN FOR PEACE OVER NEW YORK CITY

The peace march itself was a diversified show of every extreme — a parade, a balloon happening, a protest, a display of commercialism, a mouthing of both the pointed and the crude: "Stop The Butchery," "We Are Not Suckers For The V.C.," "They Are Our Brothers Whom We Kill," "Wipe Out Poverty — Not People," "Vietnam For The Vietnamese," "Flower Power," "Big Business Gets Richer — G.I.'s Die," "Dr. Spock Smokes Bananas," "No $$$ For Bombing And Burning," "Love," "Children Are Not Born To Burn," "Bomb The Hell Out Of Hanoi," "End The Draft And Let Young Men Live," "Veterans For Peace," "U.S.A. — 1776, Vietnam — 1967," "I Should Like To Be Able To Love My Country And Still Love Justice," "Our Soldiers Fire Bullets, Pinks and Reds Fire Surrender Slogans."

Those who carried these words included the sincere, the scared, the very young and very old, the beat and the hip.

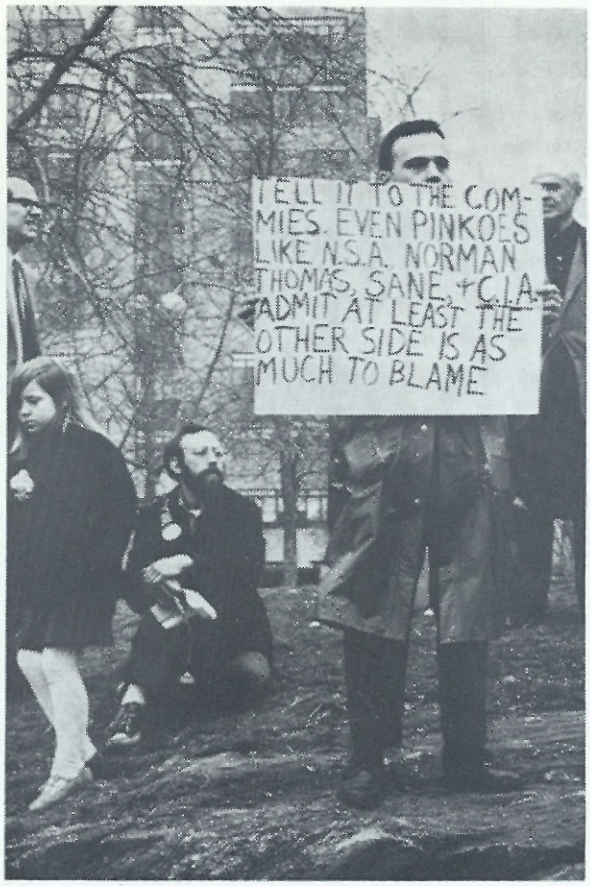
One other factor not to be overlooked was the visible reaction on the streets and in the stores along 59th Street and Madison Avenue. The faces were that of the incredulous who watched what must have seemed an endless stream of people. Another form of reaction was that of honking motorists who were the impatient to wait for a peace march to pass.

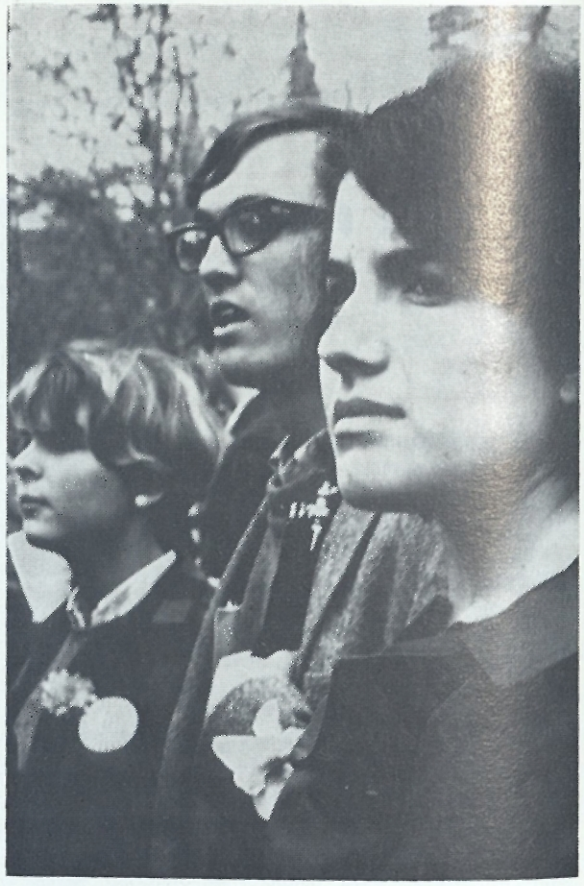
They reminded me of a statement I read in the New York Times last Sunday (April 2). The letter reads: "Mrs. Bryan quotes a boy (who is considering the Air Force as a career) as saying: "I think we are wasting time,, money and lives in this war. If we can win it, let's get it over with . . . We could bomb Vietnam right off the face of the earth and rebuild it cheaper than it's costing us right now."

The unmistakable order of priority in the mind of this individual amazes me — time, money and finally human life.

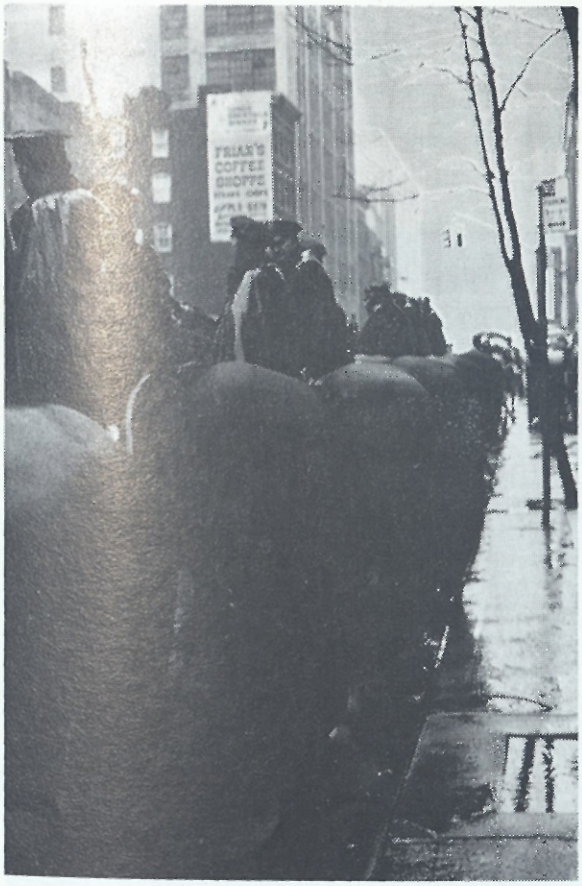
This is what I have seen, heard, and read in the past week.

Jay Neelley


TELL IT TO THE COM-
MIES. EVEN PINKOES
LIKE N.S.A. NORMAN
THOMAS, SANE, + C.I.A.
ADMIT AT LEAST THE
OTHER SIDE IS AS
MUCH TO BLAME



GATEWAY to BEAUTY
PEACE
LIFE!


FRANK'S
COFFEE
SHOPPE

SCHOOL

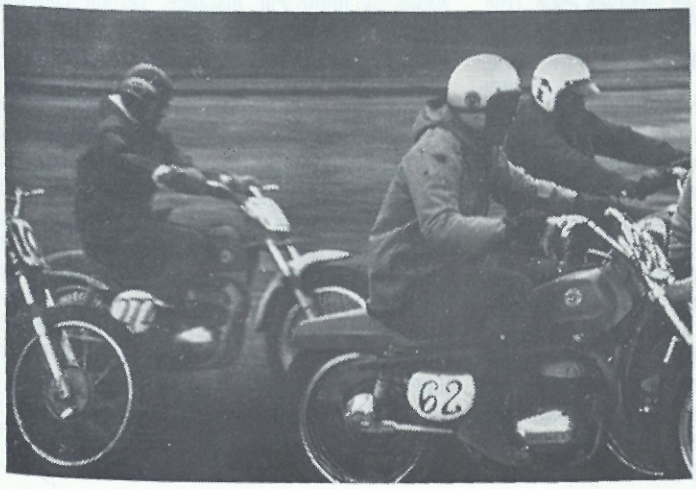
POLICE

SUNDAYS WITH THE DIRT-EATERS

PHOTOS BY CARNER

Unable to make the Peace March Saturday, I consoled myself with a Sunday afternoon trip to the scrambles in Spencer, Mass. The scrambling started as soon as I found out it cost a buck and a half to get in; I followed our BLOCKPRINT sports editor, Charley "Red" Leonard over the barb wire fence, receiving the stigmata in the process. Once inside, the officials treated me as well as the paying customers — "Sure, kid, go anywhere on the track what the hell, you got a camera." The competitors, too, were most obliging, turning around to look at my camera, dumping right before my very lens, and looking very Marlon Brando sitting in the stands (I didn't see the chopper-rider with the trophy on his bars that I met last year after Middleboro. Maybe he violated his parole). The bikes were about half Jap and half English, with Spanish, "eyetalian", and Nordic Huskys screaming with more of an accent that the "Americanised" bulk of the pack. Little kids who should have been stealing hubcaps or sneaking cigarettes were beating the ever-loving crap out of their suzukis — yea, racing! Old men who should have been telling me to get a hair-cut were out on the track abusing their already bad kidneys. The track itself was flat and shaped like a TT Course, the ground looked kind of chunky from the constant damp, but most everybody there wore a grimacing smile, the kind that grips your face when you're cold, damp, just generally uncomfortable, but don't want to leave; but peace buttons were rare, I guess the competitors were busy Saturday getting ready and I figured it makes too much excitment for one week-end. Go to the scrambles in Pepperall, Mass. and have a real good time.

Billy Joe Carner



NEW YORK CITY — APRIL 15, 1967

Saturday, April 15. It rained, but nobody took that as a sign from heaven ,though one poster did read: God Isn't Dead, He's Been Elected. The Sheep's Meadow in Central Park held thousands of people, posters balloons, daffodils, and cameras, as well as several hundred tough and silent policemen. Both groups were there to maintain and/or restore peace.

The larger peace mission concerns America's explosive wind-mill tilting in Viet Nam. Half a million people of all ages and positions gathered in the park to march to the United Nations Building in an organized protest against this country's present military position. The group included representatives from the Veterans of Foreign Wars against the war; from the American Indians; from various women's groups; from the academic world; from adult peace groups; from religious groups; from pacifist groups; from political groups; from organized labor; from professional groups; from student and youth groups; from community groups; from nationality groups; and from all regions of the United States. Thus the burden of the march did not fall exclusively on the student protesters — usually the most active — but on labor leaders, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, nuns, educators and housewives as well; in other words, on ordinary men and women, in other words, on voters.

The march began at noon; at six-thirty p.m. people were still leaving the park for a destination so packed with marchers that those in the last contingents were unable to come within three or four blocks of the U.N. As the marchers walked, twelve or more abreast, hundreds of spectators gathered on either side. Many of these clapped in support or called out "thank you;" There were almost as many yellow flowers (the day's symbol of peace) on the sidelines as in the march. A few debates were carried on as some spectators challenged the marchers' "willingness to die" and so forth; one woman stood and called out "you go to hell" to any eye she managed to catch. The New York Times reported that eggs and red paint were thrown on the marchers, but over all there was very little counter demonstration. One man suggested drafting women; some of the posters put forth another idea: "Draft beer not Boys."

These were the lighter moments. The serious ones came with the speeches and announcements. We were perhaps a hundred thousand people away when Dr. Martin Luther King spoke, but we did arrive in time to hear that his committee had received telegrams of support from almost every country in the world, including a lengthy telegram from 73 members of the British Parliament. In addition to this, it was reported that there were companion protest marches in Tokoyo, London, Paris, and Mexico City.

The rally, chaired by Dr. Benjamin Spock, introduced a number of speakers including Stokley Carmichael, Chairman of SNCC; Floyd McKissick, director of CORE; Nick Egleson, President of Students for a Democratic Society; Reverend James Bevel, Board of Directors, Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Cleveland Robinson, President of the Negro American Labor Council; and Professor Howard Zinn, Boston University. Also speaking was Pedro Rua, New York Organizer of the Movement for Puerto Rican Independence, who protested the drafting for military combat of young men from a small country which is a territory and not a state of the U.S.

The speakers called for unity of action in the growing dissastisfaction in the Viet Nam War. Stokely Carmichael urged that "We give Mr. Johnson one month to stop murdering those folks in Viet Nam," after which time any person in this country or any other who opposes the war should join in massive protest until they are heard. From the spirit and num- of this march, (and the one in San Francisco which drew an estimated fifty to seventy thousand) it is evident that there will be no shortage of Americans to demonstrate to their President that this is an unjust and immoral war.

Sally Beardsley

THE CHOPPING BLOCK

Roy Furman

The giant meat cleaver in the sky fell again on the Chopping Block last Friday afternoon as the people around us responded to the question, "What is you opinion of the department you are in?"

If you are lucky enough to find yourself in the snack bar seated alone after classes on any weekday, you could become a captive audience of the verbal segment of the students. What you will probably hear is a biting critique on sophomore design, a solution to the studio space problems or why an instructor is in liberal arts when he wants to teach in graphics. Someone might venture an opinion on why an instructor is a fantastic artist but just doesn't know how to teach.

Here's what I found out:

"The architecture department can be strengthened just by more money, just like any other department. They need more money for better teachers, better facilities. The Board of Trustees should be getting out and raising funds instead of sitting on their butts."

(Name withheld)

"Well as far as freshman foundation goes, one of the biggest problems is that the teachers unfortunately do no know how to deal with people. They do exceptional art work, but as far as reaching people, its ridiculous."

"The basic way you can help solve the problem of a student — teacher relationship is to get people who not only can teach, but can relate to other people and most of the teachers can't."

"I'm a little tired of being treated like a fifth grader as far as 'this is the time when you take a smoke break' and 'you're three miuntes late so you're going to be in an awful lot of trouble if this happens again.' That type of thing doesn't make responsibility. If you're three minutes late you're not a responsible person? Late three minutes has nothing to do with it. I think the only thing that really counts is the quality of work; in a sense a proper adjustment."

"Well, the strongest point of the freshman foundation is that it is a pretty stable background for all general likes, you know, a little bit about lettering, wire mesh and plaster — a little bit of this and a little bit of that."

"In terms of specializing, however, in one or two areas a good half of what is offered by the freshman foundation is an absolute waste of time. For instance, certain courses are there only for the sake of discipline and there is more than one way to skin a cat."

R.F.—Are you referring to courses like projection drawing?

"Yeah, I was just aiming at that. Projection drawing is enough unnecessary discipline. There are many more disciplines which would offer more in the areas you want to go. For instance I'm going into painting and see no reason why I should waste my time three hours once a week making these straight little lines which mean — I don't have any use for straight little lines in twenty years. I don't think like that. I'm just sloppy. I don't paint like that. I'm too sloppy. I don't really care about neatness and keeping the page clean and having little margins here and there. This

is not something that interests me. I think that the school should be more flexible in terms of its more specialized people. If a person wants to go into painting, instead of taking projection drawing, he should be taking a course in Rennaisance and Japanese, well, different types of perspective — a history of perspective."

(Name withheld)

"I think the whole thing is very pretentious."

R.F.—Do you want to give your name for that'

"No, I'm too bitter."

(Bittersweet)

"The studios aren't large enough. Already we are independent. We can go out in our own rooms. We can be in the studio if we want to — we don't have to be. They realize the problem and they let us solve it our way."

"Most people don't know what they're doing in painting because of the lack of organization. But now I do what I want; I don't have a single class anymore. I can do everything on my own and this is good to a point and bad to a point, because I'm not very disciplined and I probably won't get my work done, but as far as studio room goes it's great: I've got my own studio now."

(Name withheld)

"There are two teachers in painting now with two crits and they're every other week. The teachers are 'walking in and out of the class all the time and they wait for a student to ask for a crit, so a lot of the students think its bad because they're not pushing themselves but if a student wants it they should ask. They're there you know, we've got two opposing points of view; the teachers think completely opposite.' "

(Name withheld)

"I like the graphics department, but I think it could work a little more cohesively between the teachers. We have one instructor, Mr. Silman, in junior graphics who is, I think, an excellent teacher and puts fantastic strength into the department. The other instructors, everything doesn't seem to go together. I don't know why. I think this may be in part the students too. The Junior graphics class has got to become more of a class instead of just a bunch of individuals. I think Mr. Silman helps because we have him two full days a week."

"The fine points are that everyone of the instructors is excellent, very good, but they have different ways of teaching and I think it will all come to a head in the senior year. It will be a lot more of, you know, more on our own and doing actual graphics; its color and drawing which are necessary, I think. But I still think some people aren't exactly too sure why we have to have it."

(Name withheld)

The Chopping Block appears religiously, every Friday afternoon in the snackbar from 1:00 to 4:00 Just wander down from your class and tell BLOCKPRINT what YOU think.

Roy Furman

BACK HOME THEY'RE CUTTING CORNERS TO BEAT JESUS

At the scrambles up in Mass. last Sunday (you can read about it in Billy Joe's all-star coverage, with photos yet) I overheard old Billy Joe converse with this guy who says that his brother is this big time stocker. Well fans let me tell you that I got carried away back down to my old home in Dixie, the home of big time stockers their cars and best of all their tracks.

In my home town of Charlotte we got Holman and Moody, a 600 mile track race and the bootleg booze of the up and coming good old boys of the 150 mph plus races of a year or two from now. Now folks, let me tell you, good old Lee Holman has a lot of nice machinery sitting around out there by the airport, but it is that race that does it to me every time. To be quite honest it is the night in the infield waiting for the race the next day, cuddling up to the booze that the coming on good old boys brought down from shady groves up above the Wilksboro ½ mile track.

Fans if you want a good spot out there in the rocks of the infield to surround your cutie and your beer and mountain grown drink you got to head in there at about eleven Saturday before the race on Sunday. For the next twenty four hours you proceed to get good and looped in the June sun of North Carolina. If you got a good spot the peaches will be out there sunning to beat Jesus, and so will the good old timers who remember prohibition and will tell you about their old '26 ford that made the runs down from the hills on dirt roads "before you were a spark in your father's eye." You get bagged, and if lucky shacked, and wake up to the sound of piped in music, Hank Williams and DIXIE. Miss Firebird, '66 comes by on her flamed out eagle as you finish of the first six and join in on the cheering, "Oh, you know baby you'd do me jest fine," "Don't waste your time straddling that there bird cutie, 'cause I got one for you that jest ain't gonna be put down." Then these 82nd Airborne fellers flop out of their plane and your car gets wrapped in silk, and I tell you now fans that that silk makes a mighty welcome umbrella when it comes time for the cars to get reved and paced out.

It really looks like a race is going on out there when the folks get wind that rubber is going to burn off the end of those boosted 427's and hemies. I always get nostalgic in my beer and long for Fireball's old Pontiacs and Junior Johnson's goddamed fast Chevys that kept pulling through like when he was coming down over Hog Hill into Cat's Square with the law losing, bad. Then they get away and the beer comes back out. Now you can't hear the cards coming down on the hoods of the infield and even your own poptops hide behind the noise pumped in to the tanks in 45 second pit stops.

The beer takes back over at lap forty and the afternoon tans all the good old boys who built 109 foot electrical pylons, and burns the bankers up in the Ford, G.M., Chrysler grandstands. You catch a sliding smash up without fire, you can't get in to see the big ones where names are wiped out at 100 mph in fire. Then you hang it at the pits at around lap 320 and wait for the next 160 to end. They do and the machines come off the track, out of the money and $6,000 short of being ready for Darlington. One more night in the infield and a morning of scuffing rubber of the now fast track under the growing heat of Monday morning in Carolina.

Next Sunday is another scrambles in New England, but fans it does this old heart good to think of some good ol' southern boy burning his '52 olds with a '56 chevy plant around some illegal ¼ mile dirt track north of Kearnersville, and as he goes into that booze running power slide doing about 55 mph and comes out of the corner to win, well fans I'm gonna maybe see him out there at Charlotte or Darlington in a few years taking $25,000 home and raising chickens. Fans the good ol' south may make it with such enterprise as that.

"Red" Leonard

PROPOSAL CRITICIZED

Miss Maryjo Spitzer's proposal in last weeks BLOCKPRINT issue was one of the kind of papers written by crusaders, Woodrow-Wilsonians and "Big Mothers" sallying forth to rescue the world from all kinds of evils (in Miss Spitzer's case, it was against apathy, dispiritedness, and some forms of social corruption), on the high road of idealism. In my opinion, her proposal was too highly optimistic and too idealistic. I can think of four major factors which could prevent or seriously hamper the proposal from being realized.

STARTING. If Miss Spitzer's proposal was written to fight against these forms of social corruption because of their dismally rampant existence, then to attempt to realize the proposal would be like trying to start an electric generator with a gasoline motor with an electric starter in an electrical blackout, for it would take many non-apathetic people with needed qualifications and enough free time to start the proposal into reality, and such people are not easy to find within a limited area.

PEOPLE. Miss Spitzer has proposed that her "Student-Community Cooperative Center" be made up of "adult and teenage members of the 'outer' Providence community" and "people of the campus" working together. But for this she demands too much altruism and time from the people who have their own important and sometimes selfish interests to pursue. The students, suggested as volunteer tutors, do not have very much free time left after their studies and most of them would prefer to use it for their constructive or hedonistic private interests. The Faculty, with its heavy load of teaching and administrating and private important interests, may not care to take on another job as big as that. The adults of the 'outside' community have their jobs and homes to look after and so would not or could not give much time to the "Student-Community Cooperative Center", and the teenager residents have their own schools to attend and their own interests and pleasures to pursue and so would not give much time either. If a few have enough time and desire to serve the community, they would be taken by her welfare centers. So that leaves only the paid skeletal staff who would devote themselves to the S.C.C.C. — and they aren't enough. To run the entire center on a salaried basis would be too expensive even for several moderately-sized colleges banded together (for they already have their own expensive projects and programs).

SPACE. Not many owners with suitable buildings would be willing to lend or rent their properties to be used as the location of the S.C.C.C.'s workshops, studios, classrooms, etc., when they could be used for more profitable purposes. There may be several landlords with kind interests, but as they depend on their rents for a large part of their incomes, they could not afford to lend their buildings. And to pay rents for all, or large sections of a building would put a respectable dent in any large sum of money.

MONEY, Miss Spitzer has suggested that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare might fund or partially fund the S.C.C.C. But I doubt the Department will, as it has many projects to support and may regard her proposal as duplicative and unnecessary, for there are several institutions, already in existence, which have the same goals and purpose as Miss Spitzer's S.C.C.C. Of course, there are other means of getting money, but not many persons are inclined to help fund a center which hasn't existed yet.

Miss Spitzer's proposal is possible, but only if enough desirable people with enough time, enough money and enough space are available and if enough youngsters enroll. Of course, it could begin, if you begin small . . . but it is likely not to grow very much, because of the limits of money, people with time, interest, and space.

Try the low road of realism, and you may go on further, with your plans of improving the community.

John Roberts
Editorial Staff

AN EVENING WITH CRIA

Dear BLOCKPRINT:

Thank you so much for sending me to the CRIA museum preview as your reporter. I felt so honored by your flattering invitation . . . but I hate to tell you that I didn't turn out to be a very good BLOCKPRINT representative Wednesday night.

In the first place, I had no idea that this CRIA preview was such a FORMAL occasion. I have been so busy lately that I didn't even read the invitation card which said

PLEASE REPLY: BLACK TIE

I thought I could just SLIP into the preview in my house dress for a quick look around and then SLIP out. My eyes are also very sensitive to light so I had to wear my dark glasses and I had just washed my hair which flared out at the sides like a Louis the Fourteenth.

It was really curtains for me when I entered the museum cloak room to find two ladies in there looking terribly spangled and Cinderellery in beautiful gowns and jewels and pearls and jangles and bangles and necklaces and elegant hair styles . . .

Well, I decided that it was too late to back out anyway. So even though this awful pressure of panic and sickness was closing in on me from all sides, what could I do but follow the ladies down the circular stairs?

Now these women walked so slowly down the stairs that I felt sure that I would trip on their long skirts which sort of followed after them and lingered on each step. I concenterated on walking slowly which is hard to do in a housedress when you are behind two gorgeous looking people with high hair and sequined gowns.

When I looked down to the foot of the stairs I saw two gentlemen waiting for the ladies and this is when I really felt like croaking. I had to sort of shirk around the foursome and dodge down the second flight of stairs which leads to the actual opening.

* * *

Now I'll tell you about what I saw at the preview. There was as usual the big table which was all decked out with coffee, tea, and brandy (which looks so amber and jewelly in those little glasses) . . . then there was a mob of people standing around the table and lots of people sort of whispering to one another and smiling and swishing about while a line of men in black and white tuxedos stood by the door like soldiers.

The main room was pasted with wall paper made out of photographs of the DEVASTATING FLORENCIAN FLOOD. The Italian art was mostly art from our own museum; some drawings and some prints and some paintings which looked as though they might have come from someone's home.

I took refuge in the one empty room which had two huge signs saying CRIA and two little AVE MARIAS on the wall and a pot of flowers with the greenest greenest leaves and big red blossoms.

Well, reader, this is all I had to notice about the opening because I was very reluctant to stay much longer than I had to and when I got safely home I decided that I had better read invitations more carefully from now on.

Love, Beedle M.

SANITARIANS NEEDED

Excellent growth opportunities for ambitious professional sanitarians.

The Engineering — Sanitation Section of A.P.H.A. has about 1,500 members and Fellows. Too few of these are sanitarians. Too few of the members are Fellows (either engineers or sanitarian).

Tomorrow's leadership will come from those young men willing to give a small amount of time and money to advance the profession in which they practice public health.

Maintain your interest and loyalty to your particular professional association. Sanitarians associations both local and national need and deserve your full support.

You can help to further those interests through membership and active participation in the increasing environmental health functions of the Engineering — Sanitation Section of the A.P.H.A. For a membership application write to:

Department M
American Public Health Association
1740 Broadway
New York, New York 10017

This is quite a piece isn't it YUP. I don't know how a person can grow up in a sewer though; unless it is an open-air sewer. Imagine that. An open-air sewer.

The members (fellows) of A.P.H.A. (African People who Hate Americans) are a biased lot. They have friends in the Mau-Maus. "Tomorrow's leadership will come from sewers," say the leaders of A.P.H.A. Whether they are open-air sewers or not I don't know. But you must, in order to become a fellow, have cajones, and must take the oath which is. "My sewer open or closed. My sewer." This reminds me of a song. My sewer tis of thee sweet pipe of pottery of thee I sing." I've forgotten the rest of the words. And what's this about sanatoriums? Aren't they clean enough? VOTE LEFTIST! AH. Sewers. Pigeons have nothing to do with sewers. They didn't dirty the Hudson River, people did. Furthermore, just because they run around grumbling, it doesn't mean that they are dirty. So are commies for that matter, And sewers. And the Providence Journal, and Farnum Hole.

Write letter of protest to your governess protesting the destruction of Pigeons. It's disgusting. And so is the Daily News.

So much for the State House.

T.M.

LE CHIEN ANDALOU

A man is sharpening his razor. He looks out the window and sees a cloud nearing the moon. A girl sits staring — her face fills the screen. The razor blade approaches her eye, the cloud passes over the moon, — and the blade slices her eye in half . . .

This squeamish scene begins the film **Le Chien Andalou**, shown here last Wednesday. When it was first shown in Paris in 1929, the film precipitated a riot. It did not cause a riot here — but even after 38 years it had the power to shock — and one could hear the groans and sobs of "contemporary community standards" being violated.

The form of the film is simply one unconnected shock sequence after another. Among them: a crowd gathered in the street falls back to reveal a woman with a cane — poking at an amputated hand. Aroused to lust by this, a wounded messenger boy attacks his female rescuer, and fondles her breasts through her dress — between shots of his aroused face the dress disappears — it is now her naked breasts that are fondled, and these are transformed into her naked buttocks. The woman gets away and swings a bat. The man crosses the room to prepare an attack, and picks up a harness — he straps in on and starts across the floor. The camera drops back to reveal that he is hauling two grand pianos, on top of which are a pair of dead and bloody donkeys, along with three clerics attached with ropes around their necks.

Le Chien Andalou is the product of the collaboration of Luis Bunuel with Salvador Dali. Actually, the bulk of credit should go to Dali, for the basic motif was his — an earlier plan by Bunuel had been rejected as too banal.

As for myself, the importance of the film is in its relation to Dali's career (I should confess to prejudice here — Dali is one of my heroes). The film is the beginning of the maturation of Dali's "viewpoint" — he is at the time only 25 years old, and it is only 2 years since his first conventionally surrealist paintings — and only 4 years since the beginning of surrealism as a movement.

Dali's influence prevades the film. Noteworthy are the scores of ants crawling over various objects: these would soon appear in his paintings, and eventually devour his melted watches. The final scene is equally Dali's: The dead man and woman on the beach propped up by sticks — the sticks would soon become the crutches to hold up every conceivable type of erotic form.

Dali's method for creating the scenes was for both he and Bunuel to unearth and probe dream images. They would only use a particular sequence if it had no connection to either their conscious associations, their respective cultural patterns, or their memory — and thus, no explanation. Nothing must symbolize anything — at least consciously. What should ultimately result is a study in irrationality. It doesn't really work out that way — in the light of psychoanalytic thought, the images do have an erotic, often pseudo-masochistic coherence — although the specific explanation of an image is open to question.

In criticism of the film, I must confess that I was a little disappointed by the film. It was not the fault of the idea however — only the technical shortcomings. For some inexplicable reason, I expected a film by Dali to be slick and modern — not a silent product of the Twenties. The only other shortcoming is in the length — about twenty minutes — and I expected it to be longer. But this film was largely experimental, and it wasn't till later that Dali made his first full-length film ,**L'Age D'Or.**

In **Le Chien Andalou,** the merits outweight the shortcomings. Although a little clumsy by modern standards, it is radically different and, in my opinion, more advanced than cinema of that period. As the first truely surrealist film, it is automatically a classic. As a study in Pathology and shock, it is also a classic. Finally, it is one of the better examples of Dali's ideas in what is probably his most creative period, when his surrealism was young, and as an esthetic force, healthy.

Charles Dwyer

REGISTRATION

During the week of May 1 through 5 undergraduate students, planning to return next year as juniors, seniors, and super-seniors, may register in advance for the professional subjects in their major programs. This registtration with he held in Division and Department offices. Information and instructions will be available in these offices.

Freshmen will have an advance registration during the week of May 8 through 12 in the Waterman Building office. Information concerning all sophomore subjects in the various major programs will be available for consideration.

These registrations will be concerned only

with the professional subjects in all programs. Liberal arts will be selected in September. The one exception is subject number 103 — 104, Western Art & Ideas, which is required of all sophomores. This subject should be indicated on all second year students' registration cards.

Upperclassmen who wish to change their major programs at this time should obtain "Change of Course" form in the Records Office and complete it before registering.

TAPE LIBRARY FORUM

Tuesday, April 23, 11:15 a.m. and 12:15 p.m.

International relations — the use of force. Walter Millis, Center for the study of Democratic Institutions and author of **An End to Arms,** and Arthur Larson, Director of the Rule of Law Research Center at Duke University and author of **A Warless World.**

There is general agreement that major war, using all available weaponry, would be disastrous. There is, however, practically no agreement how war can be avoided in the future. The program explores the probable developments in coming years.

Thursday, April 25, 11:15 a.m. and 12:15 p.m.

Understanding Media. Marshall McLauhan, Director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto and author of **Understanding Media.**

It has long been agreed that the environment has a profound impact on man's understanding of himself. Marshall McLuhan has pioneers in an attempt to understand the impact of the new electronic technologies; in this program he sets out some of his findings.

Student Lounge, College Building. Free coffee and doughnuts.

"A MAN AND A WOMAN" . . . UNIQUE?

Guaranteed, wait ten years and it will be as unique as the dated mythology it is based on. Leave it to a Frenchman lover of surface and style to skim American Advertising of most of its merchandise (I say most as the reappearance of FORD and even an electric razor made me wonder who produced the film) and to present us with the true production: ROMANCE.

Lelouch gives us two people with the looks of actors as they openly admit, but no . . . they are a race car driver and a film editor — exciting, significant people of Today . . . and they are both widowed by modern tragedy: a prop bomb onset that fired, and and a nervous breakdown that misfired. We are gorged with thrilling scenes of the grease pit, the speedway, the races, the windshield-wipers, the spoke tires, the floorshift; titillated by the exquisite ripeness of every shot, confused by the continued changes of color and the foot noting of the narrative flashback film quips, without which the narrative would hardly be there at all except that it is crammed with details such as bottles of wine on the table, Coca-Cola, a little flesh, chains of cigarettes — here is a man, by the way, who pays outrageous prices for filter cigarettes only to break off the tip when he smokes it — and two darling children — since the "Sound of Music" we all know how to turn on an audience.

Love is between real people and frankly I had a hard time finding any personalities. I thought I saw Anouk still chewing her nails and talking of ghosts of love as in "Hiroshima," but I knew she really wasn't there. The only character was the omnipresent radio announcer with his mood music and his soft, consoling voice urging them and us into the dream.

Do we really see ourselves as separate individuals of so little imagination that we are incapable of meaningful conversation, but possessors of such fame and beauty that we are the center of the patronizing, commerical eye, always the stars of the show in name, but inevitably obscured by its showiness?

No. Unlike the French we know that such romance belongs with Springs and Marlboros in the time slots between the features. If you aren't convinced wait. Soon we shall all have a good laugh at "A Man and A Woman" — but don't feel that you've lost anything, the subject will reappear.

Martha Coolidge

ANSWER

"A Man and A Woman" does contain, as you say, a myth and a romantic fantasy. This does not mean that it has taken cigarettes from commercials and children from "A Sound of Music".

Our movies and songs are crowded with real people and convincing conversation. In fact they are so real that it has drained romance and toughened sensibility. Films should be entertainment as well as subjective, psychological, sociological, and fast moving.

The French director chose to entertain. "A Man and A Woman" is a flowing film that does not care to scrape up the rubble that lies beneath every relationship. I have lost nothing by seeing it.

C. C. Wolf

"A SLUMMING WE WILL GO . . ."

I am one of the eighty or so unfortunate occupants of "Farnum Hall," or Hole, as I fondly cally call it.

In New York City, there are blocks and blocks of buildings called slums. They are also called tenements. Tenements used to be the name for any multiple dwelling unit until the 1890's when the French word apartments came into American usage. Since, then, it has been used as a synonym to slum. The original of slum is unknown. We shall now go a slumming at Farnum Hole.

Farnum Hole was built during the twenties and has since been recognized as one of the worst eyesores in Providence. For the most part, it is poorly divided into "suites" of three rooms (or so) each. These rooms have about as much charm and class as a Barcelona street W.C. (Other known as "Sagrada Familia.") In these suites, are the worst collection of amenities and fixtures I have ever seen.

We can start off with the light which is off centre on the ceiling of each room. This light casts a web-like glow over a small part of the ceiling and little else. In Plain English, they are UGHLY.

The floors are so smooth that while walking on them in stocking feet, one can acquire a good assemblage of very long and sharp splinters on one's feet.

The radiators are fun too. They hiss and gurgle starting at about 3 a.m. and continue to do so until 3:01 a.m. They then lie dormant for the rest of the day, storing up strength for the next job.

In the fake porcelain sinks of Farnum Hole, there are two faucets. One is for lukewarm water and the other for boiling. This makes it impossible for any kind of comforable mixture of water for the daily ablutions. The water is cloudy anyway.

Windows are an entirely new matter. They are built in such a fashion that, unless you are extremely lucky, they knock the plaster off

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AND DRUG

SELECTION

the walls when opened (and we have to pay for it) and never open again if you close them. This, with the added heat during the nights, makes the rooms stifling. That is why we are on the roofs all the time. And now we are not allowed to go there. Even. The rooms on the third floor remind me of the **Piombi** in the Doges Palace in Venice.

The furniture is the stuff the Salvation Army rejected. We have rocking bureaus. They rock. This makes it impossible to put things on top of them because you can be sure that during the night when the vibrations from the radiators start, they will be knocked off.

Then there are the doors, or lack of them. These doors sometimes have knobs on them. These knobs frequently fall off. The area around the doors is called the fallen doorknob zone.

The most shocking thing about Farnum Hole, and the rest of the college, for that matter, is the toilet paper. I have heard this toilet paper likened to a putty knife. It is really rough. I have seen parakeets with better toilet paper. Perhaps the school could save the woodshop the expense of sand paper and substitute the toilet paper instead. However.

By far the most ridiculous things in the rooms are the bookshelves on the ceiling. Boy. That's really ridiculous. I will say nothing more about bookshelves. I can't believe them.

So, with the year drawing to a close, and the sun setting in the East, and the angels playing the "Agnes Dei" from the Brahms "Requiem," and the cupids firing arrows at the Bosworth's children, and the ceiling coming down in my room, all I can say is, I'll be glad to get my own appartement. (F.).

Tobias Mostel.

IN ROOM 607 OF THE COLLEGE BUILDING

Tom O'Hara is presently having a small exhibition of World War II paintings done from recollection at Iwo Jima.

Mr. O'Hara is a graduate of RISD's illustration department. Since his graduation he has free-lanced for many books, has become the official reporting artist for the U.S. Navy serving on fleet activities in the Mediterranean, Marine boot training in Virginia and the Polaris missile training.

His latest work is now being done for the U.S. Navy and Air Force. Mr. O'Hara now resides in Cambridge where he is professor of illustration at the Mass. College of Art and an active member in the water color and print-making societies of Boston.

Thursday of this week he will give an illustrated lecture on his particular field of illustration. All interested in his lecture are invited to come to room 425 in the College Bldg. at 3:00 p.m., April 27.

R. I. S. D. WINNER

Forgotten:
Nadine Ingerman won 3rd prize of $100. in the American Craftsman competition 1967 for design of woven fiberglass — She is a senior in textile design.

NOSTALGIA

What ever happened to:
Buchanaan & Goodman
Jocko's Rocket Ship
Ovaltine
Froggy
Gabby Hayes
Gasport
Freedomland
Johnny Dollar
Jack Scott
Home Run cigarettes
Maypo
The Singing Lady
Polka-Dottie
Dave Bachrach
Steam Boat Willy
'IFIC"
Amident chlorophyll toothpaste
Gene Autry
Hopalong Cassidy
Flav-r-straws
Mr. Peepers
Peter Pain
Happy Tooth & Mr. Tooth Decay
Bucky Beaver
Red Ryder
Ding Dong School
Bosco Bear
Poll Parrot
Crabby Appleton
Midnight the Cat
Jack Bailey
Name That Tune (with George Dewitt)
I Remember Mama
Pinky Lee

STUDENT COUNCIL

Nominations For Student Council Officers
1967-1968

President ..... Acki Tara
John Juros

Vice-president ..... Todd Miller
Roger Sipress

Rec. Secretary ..... Pam Boyd
Terry Simon

Corr. Secretary ..... Caryl Ratner
Anne Connors

Treasurer ..... Sam Cioffi
Arden Newbrook

Elections will be held on April 26, 7:30 P.M. at the next Student Council meeting in C.B. 412. All members of the Student Council are eligible to vote.

LOVE-IN

Is it a rebellion? A protest? In a way, yes. And in another more important way, no. It's a Love-In. It's people getting together, breaking free from their own impersonal worlds, to meet **others** in friendship and peace.

It all started on Haight and Ashbury Streets in San Francisco and from there it spread throughout the country. Boston had its first Love-In on the Common and over two thousand participated, sharing symbolic gifts such as flowers and loaves of bread.

How does it start? It doesn't. It just happens . . . It's a time of peace, a time of spontaneous acceptance of one another. It's just sitting around talking, singing, laughing — of just being **yourself.**

It's as much as **you** want it to be. It's a happening. And it's happening on the Stonehill College quadrangle, in North Easton, Mass., on April 23rd. Here, on wide lawns, a person has a chance to be himself — to join others in sharing friendship, love, peace. Here one can share the gifts of love — a flower, a poem, laughter, for "Here is a Love-In."

THE THREE SISTERS

Chekhov's THE THREE SISTERS, directed by Adrian Hall, in the translation by Robert W. Corrigan, will be the final production of the current season for the Trinity Square Repertory Company.

The classic drama by the great Russian playwright will open on Wednesday, April 26, at the Rhode Island School of Design Theatre and continue through Saturday, May. 6. After a two week hiatus the production will resume performances at R.I.S.D. on Wednesday, May 24 and run through Saturday, May 27 to close the fourth season of the Trintiy Square Repertory Company.

Cast as THE THREE SISTERS are: Blythe Danner, Katherine Helmond and Pamela Payton-Wright. Other members of the Trinity Resident Acting Company featured are: Clinton Anderson, Louis Beachner, William Cain, Winifred Elze, James Gallery, Donald Gantry, Ed Hall, Richard Kneeland, Marguerite Lenert, Dennis Longwel, Charles Lowe, Marius Mazmanian, and Barbara Orson.

THE THREE SISTERS is the last play in the Trinity Square Repertory Company's subscription series this season, and the final presentation of the federally sponsored Laboratory Theatre program, PROJECT DISCOVERY for high school students.

Scheduled performances for THE THREE SISTERS at the Rhode Island School of Design Theatre are: Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m., and Saturday matinee at 2:30 May 6; May 24 through May 27. Ticket information and reservations may be made by calling or writing the Trinity Square Repertory Company, 38 The Arcade, Providence, Rhode Island, 02903, 351-4242.

ADVENT SCHOOL

The Advent School announces that it will hold its second exhibition and sale of Haitian Art from May 5 through May 20, at the Prince Building, 63 Atlantic Avenue, Boston. Gallery hours are 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., daily except Sundays. Proceeds from sales will benefit the scholarship fund of the Advent School, Boston.

Featured this year will be twenty pieces of sculpture by Georges Liautaud, Haitian sculptor of international reputation, whose figures and animals, chiefly cut and forged from steel drums, are fanciful and unusual. Liautaud's work is being concomitantly featured by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Also displayed are an especially fine collection of works by Haitian painters. Notable among them are Jasmin Joseph, Profete Duffaut, Sisson Blanchard, Pierre Edugene, Seneque Obin, and Philton Latortue, who have already established themselves wtih New England art-lovers and collectors by their representation in last year's show.

OH, SUGAR!

A certain amount of hypocrisy runs rampant in BLOCKPRINT. They refuse to print slang. What is wrong with slang? Why should people be deprived of a quarter of their vocabulary just because a couple of old fogies in the administration object to any reference to the pubic parts, God, sex, and other bodily functions.

Bodily functions are perhaps one of those very important things which old fogies like to pretend do not exist. Sometimes I wonder whether or not they have them. Why does BLOCKPRINT have to disguise the word testicles in a foreign language? What is so uncommon about testicles? Do they come as a surprise to the administration? Nearly half of my friends have them. Or, for example, if someone were to refer to urinating in an article would it have to be shrouded in darkness and mystery? Everybody understands Urine. Perhaps it would be described as follows.

John went into the little room with all the strange objects in it. He closed the door. He had stated something about relieving himself before. From without was heard the sound of a trickle of running water. None of us understood. We had never done it. Apparently he turned on the faucet then, because the noise suddenly became as loud as a waterfall. He came out after about fifteen minutes. He looked much thinner.

It would be much more simple and realistic to say, "John went to take a pee." This brings the point right across.

We are not living in a Victorian age anymore. There is no reason why an art school should have any qualms about printing slang. I think it is foolish of the editors to desist from this practice. I object. If the editors don't face up to this prudish attitude now, they never will.

Toby Mostel

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

BLOCKPRINT

INTERVIEWS:

WPRO'S BUD WILLIAMS

KING FAROUK

THE BOSTON STRANGLER

JOHN SCOPES

TRIGGER

LUCI NUGENT

EDMUND DUBE

CALENDAR

TUESDAY, APRIL 25

11:15 a.m. Student Lg. Taped Forum

12:00 noon Gym Dance Group

3:00 p.m. Gym Wrestling Group

6:00 p.m. 430 CB Seminar G-192 — Mr. Kirschenbaum

8:00 p.m. Mem Hall Lecture — Mr. Von Moltke sponsored by Mr. Bosworth

9:00 p.m. Tennis Club Tennis — Sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26

4:00 p m. Gym Girls Volley Ball

7:30 p.m. Rm 412 CB Student Council Mtg.

8:00 p.m. Rm 410 CB Fac. Wives — Art Group

THURSDAY APRIL 27

7:00 a.m. Tennis Club Tennis — Sign up at the SAO

11:15 a.m. Student Lounge Taped Forum

12:00 noon Gym Dance Group

6:00 p.m. Boy's Club Swimming

5:00 p.m. Homer Study Lg. Bible Study Group

7:30 p.m. Mem Hall Movie-Film Soc. — "Mondo Cane"

FRIDAY, APRIL 28

4:00 p.m. Gym Girls Volley Ball

SATURDAY, APRIL 29

New London Sailing Race

2:00 p.m. Gym Wrestling Group

8:00 p.m. Refectory Interntaional House Dance

SUNDAY, APRIL 30

11:00 a.m. Upper Refectory Catholic Mass

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SUGGESTIONS FOR FILMS for next year's Film Society will be collected at next week's film: MONDO CANE Thursday, April 27, 7:30 Mem Hall.

LOST AND FOUND Several items, including books, notebooks, folios, keys, cig. case, scarves, etc. have been turned in at the SAO. Please check and see if your missing items are among the collection.

ATTENTION: ALL MARRIED SENIORS & ALL GRADUATE STUDENTS (MARRIED OR SINGLE) Please register your names and/or spouses name and parents' names and addresses with Mrs. Lewis in the Development Office CB 320 for Commencement.

WBRU-FM, the 20,000 watt stereo outlet at 95.5, is unveiling a new 3-hour program, "Some Trust in Chariots" beginning this Saturday evening. Billed as "a new concept in music for the Southern New England are," the program will feature a one hour program syndicated in New York by radio personality Bob-O-Loo, followed by a two hour segment of contemporary folk music from the "Home of the Young Americans," WBRU-FM. The new venture, the only one of its kind in the area, will be featured 7-10 p.m. every Saturday evening.

WORSHIP IN A DRAMATIC IDIOM, sponsored by the University Christian Movement, on the themes of the empty tomb and the appearances of Christ; 10:30 p.m., Manning Chapel, Wednesday, April 26th; followed by refreshments.

THE ENGLISH PROFICIENCY EXAM will be given on Friday, 5 May, 1967 at twelve o'clock in Memorial Hall. The exam is open to transfer students with a grade of C or better who have not yet established proficiency at RISD and to students presently enrolled in freshman English courses.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, Professor Wilhelm von Moltke, chairman dept. of urban design, Harvard University will lecture on ORDER & DESIGN: Santa Tome de Glayana 8:00 p.m. Mem Hall.

FOR TEACHER CORPS APPLICATIONS and information see Miss Carolyn Hawes CB 428 Placement Office.

RISD HAPPENING on April 29 — buses, paint, and lunch will be supplied other details later.

PHOTO TAKEN AT THE PEACE MARCH — Jay Neelley